British Libels on Napoleon Bonaparte For fifteen years at the beginning of this century the most profitable use to which the English caricaturists could turn their pencils, or the wits their pens, or the campaign liars their mendacity, was the vilification of Napoleon Bonaparts. Nothing else paid so well. From the innumerable lampoons, burlesques comic or satirical pictures, handbills, broad-aides, and pamphiets that were issued in London to meet the unlimited demand, Mr. Jone ABHTON, in English Caricature and Satire on very interesting volumes (Scribner & Welford). The book gives an accurate picture of contem porary British sentiment regarding the greatest of adventurers. From the time when Bonaparte left Egypt and began to overrun Europe and to menace British interests until the day that saw him in safe durance on board of the Bellerophon, no falsehood about him was too outrageously improbable to be eagerly be-lieved, and no pictorial conception of his character or deeds was so coarse, or brutal, or crude that it was not scanned with delight by

the inhabitants of the tight little island. Let us look first at some of the stories to Bonaparte's personal discredit that were generally accepted as true by Englishmen during this period. They are entirely apart from the indictment that rested on his character as a disturber of international peace, his danger ous and unscrupulous ambition, and his reckless make up what may be called the case of private infamy, and were repeatedly hurled against him in the prints of the caricaturists and in the newspapers and sporadic political literature of the day. It is worth observing that these libels became wilder and wilder as Napoleon's power increased, and that there was an especial appetite for them at times of renewed talk and terror about an invasion of England.

Concerning the antecedents and origin of the Corsican Ogre, we learn that his great-grandiather kept a low groggery, was convicted of mur-der and robbery, and ended his life as a gailey siave; and that his great-grandmother died in the House of Correction at Genoa. His mother Mme. Letitia Bonaparte, had been the mistress and Napoleon himself was not the son of his reputed father. Giliray draws a picture o the young Bonaparte and his wretched relatives in their native poverty." The slattern mother sits in the straw on a hovel floor, while half a dozen young tadderdemations are fighting for the possession of a beef bone. At the military school at Brienne Napoleon was hated and despised by his mates, as a sulker and a thief. When he became a sub-lieutenant, according to a curious yarn that found accept-ance north of the Channel, he had applied for a place in the British army; and the rejection of his proffered services so mortified his vanity that he conceived an undying hatred of England and everything English.

The British theory of Napoleon's promotion to the command of the army of the interior was that Barras advanced the young soldier's fortunes in return for his complaisance in marrying Josephine, a mistress of whom the dictator had become tired. In one shameless print Josephine and Mme. Tallien are represented by Gillray as danoing naked before the drunken Barras, while Napoleon watches the orgy from ind a curtain. The general practice of the British artists was to depict Josephine as fat. coarse, and vulgar. Sometimes she was drawn as if she weighed five or six hundred pounds.

As Napoleon's military fame increased, the efforts of his English libellers grew more and more picturesque. They affirmed that he reed the Christian faith in Egypt and became a Mohammedan; in other words, as the phrase went, that "Boney turned Turk at Cairo." It was almost universally believed in England that Bonsparte massacred 4,000 disarmed prisoners of war at Cairo, simply be-sause it was inconvenient for him to take care of them. Next comes the monstrous charge that he poisoned with oplum 580 of his own invalid soldiers in the hospital at Jaffa, in order to get them off his hands; nearly all Englishmen believed this, although the exact number of the victims of Bonaparte's flendish inhumanity was at different times variously stated. Then we have Napoleon running away like a coward from his army in Egypt, and stealing the treasure chests belonging to the expedition. The theory of Napoleon's lack of courage afforded great comfort to the inhabitants of the British Isles: although they lived in constant terror of invasion by him, they liked to imagine him as a sort of Bob Acres. He was constantly as a commander who, through personal cowardice, was neither dangerous to his foes nor loyal to his own soldiers.

These specimen slanders give a good idea of the reasons afforded to Englishmen for abhorring the scourge of Europe. In the later part of Napoleon's career the specifications came so thick and fast that it is impossible to follow them in detail. Some of the more prevalent and conspicuous charges may be briefly summarized. They formed part of the common stock freely drawn upon by the caricaturists. satirists, and pamphisteers: That at Marengo Napoleon bribed the aide-

de-camp of Desaix, whom he hated to shoot that General in the back; That when Hanover capitulated he surren-dered to the lust of his brutal soldiery the

wives and daughters of the foremost citizens, including the nobility of the highest rank : That in the campaign of 1800 he rid himself of many of his own wounded soldiers by deliberately drowning them in Lake Como;

That he carried off for his own use the silverware of the Grand Duke of Leghorn, and also stole a carriage belonging to an English nobleman who was travelling in Italy; That on his flight after the battle of Leipsic

the bridge over the Elster was blown up by his express command just after he himself had passed thus cutting off and throwing into the enemy's hands his ambulances carrying the French sick and wounded: That to gratify his insatiable appetite for

cruelty he had the wife of Toussaint l'Overture bound nearly naked to a stretcher, and caused his menials to tear the breasts and pull out the fingernalis of the wretched woman with red Is it wonderful that while the artists and

literary men were thus occupied in supplying the British market with information as to Napoleon Bonaparte's character and achievements, the speculative theologians should have found it easy work to prove that he was unteenth chapter of Revelations? The mystical number of the Beast in the Apocalypse is 666. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred, threescore and six." This early indicated Napoleon Buonaparte. Not only was it a fact that in his name were there precisely three times six letters, but if each letter was given its numerical value in the an-T=100, U=110, &c.-the sum total of all the letters was precisely 666, the number of the Boast. It is true that in order to arrive at this esult it was necessary to spell his first name inpolean, instead of Napoleon, but that was not the first time a point had been strained to make out a case in apocalyptic interpretation. While speaking of the exercise of ingenuity upon the letters in Napoleon's name, it is worth remarking that the name furnished one of the best anagrams ever devised, namely, Bona raple pone, Leno! that is to say, "Drop the goods you have stolen, you rascal!"

Although among the caricaturists of that time Giliray and Rowlandson had incomparably the greatest vogue, and although their work is now known to thousands who never heard of Ansell. Roberts, T. West, Marks, and Woodward, the taste of to-day finds little reason, except in the number of their productions, for preferring these two artists. Gill ray pursued Napoleon until about the middie of 1808. Rowlandson followed him quite to the end of his career in 1815. They repre-sented Mapoleon in every form, odieus, horri-

ble, or despicable, that came within the range of their imagination. They drew him as an ogre, as a manikin, as the devil, as a snivelling coward, as a whimpering sneak, as a harle-quin, as a jack-a-dandy, as an insignificant insect, and as a monkey. The most popular prints, undoubtedly, were those in which Boney appeared in the light of a contemptible antagonist for so stalwart a fellow as the beef sating John Bull, or for his indomitable ally the British Jack Tar. The latter worthy, with his "Why, d-n me, mesamates, I'il soon lighten his timbers!" is frequently seen knocking the wind out of a weazened individual in an immense cocked hat, supposed to represent the French Emperor. The more grievous the right of the English over the prospect of an invasion, the more swaggering and bombastic were the sentiments of the cartoons; and these, loubtless, served a purpose.

While the contemporary carleatures of the Corsican adventurer illustrate in a striking way the intensity of the hatred which fired the British heart, they also show great poverty of resources on the part of the artists. The mo ive is usually simple, almost to childishness There is little invention, little imagination in he pictures. The bulk of the work is coarse and stupid. As caricature portraits, the pic-tures of Napoleon, are rarely successful. Few of the artists who earned a livelihood for years by drawing him seem to have had a distinct idea of what his Incial characteristics really were. While there is sometimes a certain virility in their designs, there is rarely any evidence of refinement of conception, and there is an almost entire absence of humor, as we understand it. Probably Ansell came searer to the modern ideas of carlcature than either Giliray or Rowlandson. Some of his designs are funny, and most of them are rather ess vindictive in their intention than those of his contemporaries. A good example of Ansell's humor is found in a print that dates at the time of the expected invasion. A diminutive Napoleon is confronted on English soil by "a specimen of the new troop of Loicestershire Light Horse." This is no less a personage than Daniel Lambert, who at the age of 36 weighed more than 700 pounds and measured nine feet and four inches around the body. Lambert's nounted on the famous horse Monarch, the largest in the world, being twenty-one hands On this extraordinary quadruped the equally extraordinary Englishman is charging with drawn sword at poor little Boney, who ex-claims with horror. "Parbleu! If dis be de specimen of de English Light Horse, vat vill de Heavy Horse be? Oh, by gar, I vill put off de invasion for another time!"

Compared with the best work in Punch during the past quarter of a century, the efforts of the English caricaturists of Napoleon Bonaparte's time appear almost as crude as the satirical sketches of a schoolboy clever with his slate pencil. When we consider the wealth of opportunity afforded by the tremendous subject, the constantly changing situation, and the unparalleled public interest stimulating production, the wonder is that the campaign of the comic artists against Napoleon Bonaparte was so much more commonpiace than that of the

Madison.

It is an admirable series of biographies which Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., is editing, and the latest volume, James Madison, by Sidney How-ard Gay (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is especially noteworthy for historical insight and literary skill. The book, indeed, cannot be expected to prove equally acceptable to everybody, it having been impossible for the editor to discover a student of American annals who united the irreconcilable points of view of Hamilton and Jefferson. That the judgment pronounced on the opinions and the conduct of Madison at certain periods of his career will differ widely, according as the observ-er favors a lax or a rigid construction of the Federal organic law, goes without saying, and as Mr. Gay is a frank and thorlook for occasional disagreement on the part of those who watch with more or less deep misgivings any assertion of powers by the Washington Government not explicitly conferred by the Constitution. With this qualification, which the writer's breadth of knowledge and manifest ability render it the more imperative to keep in the foreground, we would express our hearty acknowledgments of the solid service done American letters by this work.

Perhaps the most striking chapter of the book is that entitled "The Compromises," which deals with the reciprocal concessions made in the Federal Convention of 1787 by the of these adjustments, and the motives which prompted them, form the least creditable part of the Convention's history, and undoubtedly the utmost that can be said in their favor is that without them no eleser union the old confederation was at the time attainable. Whether it might not have been wiser to refuse the grave sacrifices of principle involved in some of these concessions, and wait till the mischiefs and perils of political disintegration and solation had rendered certain sectional interests more tractable, is an interesting, but in view of accomplished facts. a fruitless question. Mr. Gay evidently thinks that if no plan of union had been completed in 1787, the New England States and the Middle States would have formed a confederacy to which in his opinion Virginia would have acceded, the Carolinas and Georgia. whose claim to vote for their slaves while refusing to be taxed for them was the main stumbling block, being left out in the cold. The reason ableness of this conjecture turns mainly on the assumption that Virginia, which not only comorised Kentucky, but had strong claims to the coalesced with the North, and it cannot be ienied that her representatives in the Federal Convention took much more logical and humanitarian views of all questions relating to slavery than those resolutely adhered to by the States further south. It is doubtful, however, whether in this respect her delegates reflected the prevailing sentiment of Virginia. We know that in some directions Madison in particular was much in advance of the opinions current Convention called to ratify the Constitution first assembled there was a considerable majority against the encroachments on State rights embodied in that instrument. A Southern confederacy, with Virginia at its head, would probably have been strong enough to wrest Florida from Spain and the Louisiana territory from France during the long Napoconic wars, one result of which was to sweep both Spanish and French ships from the Atlangained possession of Louisians and with it of the Mississippi valley, this, and not the Northern confederacy, would have had the brighter future.

Another part of this book to which the reade will naturally turn with special curiosity is the discussion of Madison's relation to the doctrines of pullification and secession, which are commonly supposed to find a warrant in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798 and 1799, passed by way of protest against the alien and sedition laws. An essentially identical view of the Constitution and of the of States to resist infringement of it is propounded in these two documents. the former of which, it is well known, was penned by Jefferson, and the latter by Madison As a rule, an author may be trusted to explain what his own words mean, but it is impossible o reconcile the interpretation given to the Virginia resolutions by Madison in his old ag with that which they bear upon their face, and with the circumstances under which they were promulgated. Between 1830 and 1835 Madison insisted that neither he nor Jeffer-son meant to justify nullification, but the contrary can be proved by a declaration in the atter's own handwriting; and if Madison did not concur with his guide and philosopher, he allowed every one to rest under a complete misunderstanding of his purpose at the time when the Virginia resolutions were put forth,

ad for a generation afterward. The only chartable construction to be placed on Madison's alstency is to impute to him, as Mr. Gay loss, a lapse of memory in the later years of

Hetne.

It is a precious contribution to our knowl dge of the greatest German singer that Dr. THOMAS W. EVANS has given us in the fragment ary Memoirs of Heinrich Heine (London, G. Bell Sons). Notwithstanding the frequent gaps in it and the early period of the author's life at which it suddenly breaks off, the value of this inchoate autobiography is great, both because the internal evidence of authenticity is incontestable and because it abounds in touches of characteristic penetration and felicity. We could wish, however, that Dr. Evans had been ses reticent regarding the history of this interesting document and the circumstances inder which it now sees the light. We infer however, from some rather vague allusions that we have here the mutilated remnant of a memoir begun by Heine in the later years of his life, to replace one written earlier, but destroyed in compliance with the wishes of his

relatives. The notes before us seem to have been left in the possession of his widow. yet although a number of passages were stricken out and burned by Heine's cousin, the fear that something offensive to the almoner of her pension might have been overlooked long deterred the widow from a publication of these papers. That Heine, and consequently his widow, had abundant reason to distrust the magnanimity of his kinsmen and to shrink from giving them s pretext for withholding the income gradgingly doled out is made clear from th following extract from a letter written by the post to his publisher and friend, Julius Camps of Hamburg: "My confidence in my family has gone, and Carl Heine (cousin of the poet and son of the opulent Salomon Heine of Hamburg), however rich lie may be, and however amiable he may have become toward me. would be the last person to whom I would apply in any difficulty. * * * My dear friend, I am in a very bad condition at present, although all the world pets and flatters me with the exception of my miserable relatives. regards the latter, Laube's letter to the Allgemeine Zeitung, in which he accuses them openly of a cowardly assassing tion, has here and everywhere been received with both approbation and indignation. With regard to Carl Heine, he has not told you the whole truth, for I have absolutely no reason to be satisfied with him; that he has agreed to pay to my widow half of my pension is, I suppose, not such an extraordinary act of magnanimity. * * I wish intentionally to let you know how matters stand with respect to the conditions of a reconciliation which Carl Heine has imposed upon me, and on which account his purse has not in any way suffered." In another letter to Campe the poet writes: "My sickness is not only a blood-sucking, but a money-eating animal. You know that Carl Heine's magnanimity does not suffice for half my wants. . . Begging is a very disagreeable thing, but begging and not getting anything is still more disagreeable actual starvation would be preferable to this I therefore have made up my mind, once for

all, to rely no more on that source." We can now understand the motives which caused the custodian to defer the publication of this fragment, and which induced her to permit the poet's brother to destroy some thirty pages of the manuscript referring to the humble origin of the Heine family, about which almost all its members except the poet himself were sensitive. It is easy to prove, however, by some random quotations, that we have abundant reason to treasure the pages which have luckily survived. We note, inthat more than one reference to the small be ginnings of his rich uncle's family has escaped its wary scrutiny. Any one, for instance, accustomed to interpret the author's delicate rony will appreciate the adroitness with which while professing complete ignorance upon the subject, the poet contrives to impute obscurity and shabbiness to his father's side of the house They pretend," he writes, "to have discovered that in my biographical notes I speak very much about the relatives of my mother, while I say nothing at all about my father's kith and kin : and they declare this silence to be intentional on my part, accusing me of having the same concealed motive of which my deceased colleague, Wolfgang Goethe, was suspected. It is, indeed, true that, in his memoirs. Goethe very often speaks jeered at in the English satires and caricatures | New England States, on the one hand, and the | with great satisfaction of his grandfather on Mayor, presided in the City Council at the Roemer' of Frankfort, while not a syllable is said of his grandfather on his mother's side who, in Bockenheim street, as an honest job bing tailor, sat with crossed legs upon the table mending the old trousers of the Free City. It is not my business, however, to defend Goothe for ignoring this fact, but as regards myself I wish to put an end to these malicious interpretations and innuendoes by declaring that it is not my fault if I have never spoken in my writings of my grandfather on my father's side. The reason is a very simple one-I never

ceased father had come to Dusseldorf as a perect stranger, and had no relations there. He was, too, a very taciturn man, who disliked talking, and once when, as a little boy, I happened to ask my father who my grandfather was he answered, has laughingly and half crossly. 'Your grandfather was a little Jew with a big beard.'" Naturally the little boy bearened. convey this important news to his schoolfellows the next morning, and naturally also, at a time when Hebrews were subjected to so much scorn and persecution, the communication set the school room in a hubbub of derision The schoolmaster, hearing the commotion came in to investigate the cause, and deeming it most prudent to pitch upon the little Israelite, whipped him sound-ly as the instigator of the mischlef. "It was," says Heine, "the first whipping that I ever received upon this earth, and on that occasion for the first time I made the philosophical observation that our Lord, who ordained the whipping, by His kind providence had also made the arrangement that the person who administers it finally gets tired, as otherwise the punishment might become unendurable. The stick with which I was whipped was of a yellowish color, but the tripes which it produced upon my back were leep blue. I have never forgotten them. After thus managing to divulge the truth regarding the lowliness of the paternal tarting point, the poet's sense of justice leads him to add a qualifying fact. "I shall not." he says, "be stient in regard to mygrandmother on my father's side, although of her

circumstances I draw the conclusion that the ittle Jew who took this beautiful person from the house of herrich parents, and led her to his own home in Hanover, must have possessed very remarkable qualities besides a long It was his maternal great-uncle, one Simon De Geidern, by whom the poet's imagination was most kindled. This man seems to have been a sort of anticipated Cagliostro-a great travel-ier, a man of the most versatile accomplishments, an alchemist, a quack. We are assured in these memoirs that "His charlataury was not of a common kind. He was not one of those ordinary empiries who pull the teeth of peasants at fairs, but he courageously entered the palaces of the great whom he pulled the strongest molars. just as of yore Knight Huon of Bordeaux did for the Sultan of Babylon." Then follow some "Advertising is characteristic reflections. necessary for business; and life is a business like any other. What remarkable man, indeed, is not somewhat of a charlatan? The charlatans of modesty, with their conceitedness sneaking behind the vest of meekness, are the

worst ones. The end sanctifies the means,

also I know but little. She was an extra-

ordinarily beautiful woman, the only daughter

where on account of his wealth. From these

of a Hamburg banker, who was known every

Even the Lord Himself, when from Sinal He promulerated Ris law, did not disdain on that occasion to produce a suf-ficient quantity of lightning and thunder, although the law itself was so excellent, so divinely good, that it should have proved as-ceptable without any addition of burning colo-phony and reverberating kettledrum music. But the Lord knew His public, which, with its oxen and sheep and open mouths, stood at the foot of the mountain, and which He could inspire with greater admiration by some physical trick than by all the miracles of the Eterna thought.'

It is of Heine's boyhood and early manhood

that we read in this scrap of an autobiography, and this is fortunate, for it was precisely the decisive influences of his youth with which we were least conversant. We now feel it easy. for example, to explain his irresistible pro-pensity to skepticism. "It is," he says, "certainly remarkable that as early as my thirteenth year I was made acquainted with al the systems of 'free thinking' by a vener able clergyman who did not in the least neglect the sacerdotal duties of his office thus enabling me to learn while still young how religion and doubt may walk side by side without hypocrisy; the result of which was for me, not only infidelity, but the most tolerant indifference. Time and place are also important considerations. I was born at the end of the skeptical eighteenth century. in a city where, during my childhood, not only the French Government, but also the French intellect, was reigning." The boy was taught French, it seems, at the Lyceum of Dusseldorf and, according to the current pedagogic methods, was forced to make French verses. "It needed but little more, and not only French poetry but all poetry would have been completely spoiled for me." He goes on to laugh at the French definition of poetry as "the art of painting by images," which "distorted conception" is, he suggests, "one of the reasons of their continual aberration into pictorial paraphrase. As to their metre, this, he says, "must surely have been invented by Procrustes; it is a perfect straitjacket for thoughts, which, consider ing their tameness, surely would not need it That the beauty of a poem consists in over-coming metrical difficulties is another ridiculous maxim which is of like crigin. The French hexameter, that belching in rhymes, is a real horror to me. . . I still think with terror of the time when I had to translate the address of Calaphas to the San hedrim from Klopstock's 'Messiah' into French Alexandrines. It was a studied crueity, God pardon me, I cursed the world, and the foreign oppressors who wanted to impose their versilication upon us, and I could almost have become a Frenchman-eater. I might have been willing to die for France, but to make French verses—never. The difficulty was settled between the rector of the school and my mother. The latter was, in fact, not satisfied that I should learn to make verses, even if they were only French ones. She at that time had the greatest fear that I might become a poet; that would be the worst, she used to say, that could befail me. The ideas which were then associated with the word poet were not very honorable ones, and the bard was regarded as a poor, ragged devil who, for a few thalers, made rhymes on certain festive or obituary occasions, and finally died in a hospital."

Besides frequent inustrations of the poet's delightful humor and inimitable frony, there are not a few traces in these pages of that hold on the deepest emotions for which his published verse and prose are equally conspicuous. This may be demonstrated by the following lines, with which, for the present, we conclude our extracts from this long-expected memoir:

"The night is alient. Outside only the rain

clude our extracts from this long-expected memoir:

"The night is slient. Outside only the rain beats upon the roof and mournfully means the autumn wind.

"The cheerless sick room at this moment is almost luxuriously homelike, and I sit without pain in the large armchair.

"All at once, without the handle of the door moving, thy beautiful image enters, and thou liest down upon the cushion at my feet. Best thy beautiful head on my knees, and, without looking up, listen.

looking up, listen.

"I will tell thee the tale of my life.

"If occasionally heavy drops should fall upon thy locks, do not be disturbed; it is not the rain leaking through the roof. Do not ery, but silen:ly press my hand."

THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF ARIZONA

A Visit to the Abandoned Dwellings of the San Francisco Gorges.

FLAGSTAFF, A. T., Sept. 14 .- It is over two years since I first visited the great plateau ying west of the Little Colorado or Fiax River in northern Arizona. At that time mail service extended only to Government forts and mining centres. Aside from the mail coach, the only node of travel was on horseback over narrow winding trails. The first United States mail line established through this section in the spring of 1882 was repeatedly robbed by masked highwaymen, and was soon afterward discontinued. Near the now thriving town of Fingstaff, then a mere camp, fourteen highway robberies were committed in as many consecu-

tive days. The wildest disorder and lawlessness prevailed. The cemetory, on the gentle slope of a pine-clad hill just west of the town, contains more than a dozen graves of outlaws and desperadoes who met a violent death in the paimy days of railway construction.

The Apaches on the south were a standing menace to the contractor and settler, and even penetrated this section, killing the settlers, scattering and driving off the flocks and herds in Tonto fash, a beautiful valley south of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. Mr. John W. Young, son of the late prophot and leader of Mormonism, who was then a prominent contractor, constructed a fort for the protection of his workmen and property. The fort was named after one of the patron saints of Mormonism, who was then a prominent contractor, constructed a fort for the protection of his workmen and property. The fort was named after one of the patron saints of Mormonism, who was then a prominent contractor, constructed with towns and villages of a substantial character, containing schools, churches, and printing offices.

The country rances from 5,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, has a delightful temperature, abounds in all kinds of wild game, and is strown with the ruins and rolles of prehistoric races. In scenic beauty it has few equals.

Three hundred and forty miles west of Albuquerque, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, is Flagstaff, now a prosperous and growing town, centrally located among the most attractive features of this section. The pride and boast of the town is the aheant city of Cliff Dwellings, in a mountain gorge some eight miles east of the village. It is a pleasant city, affording much time for loitering and leisure by the wayside, where the wind and the sum of the cliff Dwellings, in a mountain gorge some eight miles east of the village. It is a pleasant drive, affording much time for loitering and leisure by the wayside, where the wind a sum of the cliff wellers, while will be such a sum of the cliff wellers, while will be such a sum of the c

travel to the end of it before gaining access to the one above or below it.

While it is an accepted theory that these ruins are the former homes and dwelling place of some race now extinct, it seems more reasonable to suppose that they were the retreat of some vanquished people, who here sought refuge from the flerce nomadic tribes that roamed these wilds at a time so remote that history bears no record of their wars. Their descendants may yet be found in the Pueblos or Moquis.

PORTRY OF THE PROMOD Pure Gold. From the Gold Beel What, though on peril's front you stand, What though hrough lose and leastly ways, With dusty feet, with horny hand, You unit unfriended all the days, and die at lest with man's dispraise?

Would you have chosen ease, and so Have shunned the fight? God honored you with true of weighty work. And oh! The Captain of the heavets knew His traited sodder would prove tree.

In the Sterres. From the Gold Sector My brave world builders of the West!
Why, who hash known ye? Who doth know
int I, who on your peaks of anow
Brake trend the first? Who loved ye best,
Who holds ye will of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth? Yea: I, the rhymer of wild rhymee Indifferent of hiame or praise, The same oid air is all strange climes— The same with, piercing highland air, Because—because his heart is there.

My Caste. From the Chicago News Letter Time, as it fies away,
Brings the same every day,
Brings the same every day,
Worry and furry,
Continuous hurry,
Buty's debt to pay,
Work and ambitton,
Life's great mission,
Leave naught to cheer
But lives and Love—
And what He sends, Oft to myself I say, Come, I'il enjoy to-day; Bother the worry, Botner the burry; Bonner the burry; Banish both, away! Read a romance, One lind: nenhanda, Quaff champagne Victoria Keina, Soul For a dream!

Incense, tobacco divine, Nectar, the golden wine, Charming the story,

A book of verses underneath the bough, A jur of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou Beside me, singing in the wilderness, Oh, wilderness were paradise enow. And then—the champagne is gone,
The perfumet roll is sone,
The lover, he,
The loved one, she,
Die with hopes unwon,
Abannoned cigar,
Book tossed sfar,
Flank on the floor,
I am back once more
In the descri.

Josupa A

JOSEPH A. GULICE

A Child's Pancies. From the Magazine of Art. GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN. Children, you are very little, And your bones are very hrittle; If you would grow great and stately, You must try to walk sedately. You must still be bright and quiet, And content with simple diet; And remain, though all bewild'ring, Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces, Happy play in gracey places— That was how, in section ages, Children grew to kings and bages, But the unkind and the unruly, And the sort who eat unduly, They must never hope for glory— Theirs is quite a different story. Cruel children, crying babies. All grow up as gerse and gabies, listed, as their age increases. By their nephews and their nisces.

FOREIGN LANDS. Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands.
And looked abroad on foreign lands. I saw the next-door garden lie. Adorned with flowers, before my eye: And many pleasant places mo That I had never seen before. I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the aky's blue looking glass;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people tramping in to town. If I could find a higher tree Further and further I should see, To where the grown-up river slipe into the sea among the ships; Or where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairyland, where all the children dine at two And all the playthings come alive.

B. L. STRVEN A True Lever. From the Domestic Monthly.

When violets blue begin to blo w
Among the meases freeh and green.
That grow the wood oline roots between,
I take my violet out, and oh!
Those cunning violets seem to know
A sweeter than themselves is nigh;
They greet her with a beaming eye,
And brighten where her footsteps go.

When summer glories light the glade
With gloss of green and glessm of gold.
And summy sheems in wood and wold.
She loves to linger in the shade:
And such sweet light surrounds the maid.
That somehow, it is fairer i.;
Where she and those dim shadows are.
Then where the sunbeams are displayed.

When every tree relinquisheth
Its garb of green for sombre brown,
And all the leaves are falling down,
While breezes blow with angry breath:
With gentle pitt ing voice she saith,
"Poor leaves! I wish you would not die;"
And at the sound they peaceful ile,
And wear a pleasant calm in death. When winter frosts hold land and sea.
And barren want and bleaker wind
Leave every thought of good behind,
I look upon my love, and she
From thrail of winter sets me free;
And with a sense of perfect rest
I law my head upon her breast,
And twenty summers shine for me.

Looking at Both Sides. From the Mackay Standard.

The good wife bustled about the house.
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile.
As broken sandthes of happy song
strengthened her heart and her hands the while;
The good man sat in the chimney nock,
His little city pipe within his lipe,
And all he'd made and all he had lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tipe.

"God wife. I've just been thinking a bit; Nothing has done very well this year. Money is bound to be hard to rea. Everything's sure to be very dear. If we the cattle are going to feed. How we're to keep the boys at school, Is a kind of debit and credit sun I can't make balance by any rule."

She turned her around from the haking board.
And she faced him there with a cheerful laugh.
Way, hustand, deep, one would be the faced him there with a cheerful laugh.
That the good re- wheat way only chef.
And what if wheat is only chef.
So long as we both are well and strong t
I'm not a woman to worry a bit.
But—somehow or other we get along.

Hut—somenow or uner we get along.

"Into all lives some rain must fail,
Over all lands the storm must best,
But when the storm and nain are o'er
The smakine is sare to be twice as aweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song:
We have had to hear and had to wait,
But, somehow or other, we get along.

"Por thirty years we have loved each other, Stood by each other windever befell; Bix boys have called us 'father' end 'mother,' And all of them living and doing well. We owe no man apenny, my dear; Are both of miloving and well and strong, Good man, I wish you would smoke again, And think how well we have got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh,
He kiased his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left hin then with his batter thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song,
A song that's followed me many a vest—
"somehow or other we get along!" At Fifty-One.

From the Boston Transcript.

Jesting is over with me forever;
L'te is too sober at fifty-one;
No ionizer I working the wisty and elever;
Things that amused me I loathe and shun.
I have come to the summit and now begun
To sink to the vale on the other side;
There's a damp in the sir, there's a gloom on the
Whose waning the vapors of Orcus hide. Whose waning his vapore of Urons bide.
And my fellow travellers, left and right,
Fall away from the track, as we downward his,
To their several heart, they are not in sight;
But I hear the belia left, lind good by:
I low innels i feel as I get in do good by:
To my destined inn, a dismal place!
Shut from all glimpse of the goodly sky,
And the sunshine of every friendly face.

Yet what is to dread? there's a Master there
Pull of pity, to welcome the weary guest;
Who will bind the footsore, and have good care
Of every poor soul that seeks his rest.
I tremble to go to him, unconfessed;
I bear him meletters from priset or pope,
But I carry a passport within my breast
Of his own sure word, and a deathless hope. THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

> From the Gold Sector of the Sierres. Then sing the song we loved, love, When all life seemed one song: For life is none too long, love; Ah, love is none too long. And when above my grave, love.
> Some day the grave grows strong.
> Then sing that song we loved, love;
> Love, just that one sweet song. so when they bid you sing, love, And thrill the joyous throng. Then sing the song we loved, love; Love, just that one sweet song.

"Just One Little Song, Love."

IRBLAND AS IT IS.

the water the

The Good Work of Father Bayls at Cape Clear-The Fishermen Visit London. BALTIMORE, Ireland, Sept. 3 .- If there is one thing more certain than another in what concerns public affairs in this country, it is the great power for good of the Irish Bishops and priests, when they and their people unite like one man to obtain some installment of the jus-tice so long denied to them. I believe, if clergy and people were to act as a unit for any great legitimate purpose, that no Government nor Legislature would or could long withstand their demands. And the present is emphatically the

time for such united action.

Do not think that I am thereby urging the

Irish clergy to descend into the arena of angry partisan politics, and by their mere momentum to carry forward irresistibly a project set in motion by any one politician for purely politi-cal or party aims. I take it, after carefully surveying the present condition and prospects of Ireland, that there is only one true policy for her clergy and her people-firm, compact inviolable union in thought, word, purpose and action, until they have conquered the right to regulate their own affairs. There is not a great public question touching the life of this nation, so long stricken with catalepsy that ought not to counsel and command such union. I maintain that to promote education of every grade, to revive paralyzed industry, to foster and promote trade and commerce, to do anything and everything which can help to make the vital currents circulate rapidly and healthfully in the veins of the nation, every Irishman-the priest and Bishop above all-has a right and a sacred duty to act and act pub licity. The Bishops and priests are the trusted guides of the masses. These look for their eadership in every struggle for the justice and the freedom so long withheld. People and clergy have suffered together, battled together for centuries. They should stand by each other now till they have obtained for Ireland the rights and enjoyment of her nationhood.

The success of Father Davis in promoting the

velfare of these Irish fishermen only illustrates the rule I have been laying down, that the Irish lergy are all-powerful for good, and that, standng by and cordially supported by their people they can achieve any great national purpose The present crisis in Irish and imperial affairs demands imperatively that clergy and people should act up to this rule. There is not a diocess in the entire circuit of the Irish seacoast in which there ought not to be found a Father Davis. The praise bestowed on him in my hearing by his own Bishop convinces me that every Irish prelate approves of a well-directed patriotic real, exercised in due subordination to authority. The priest's power is increased a hundredfold when directed by his superior Thrice happy the diocese and the people whose Bishop, while being the man of God in the fullest sense, is also the man of the times, the man who knows how to selze the tide of events at its flow, and to carry his people with him into the harbor of peace, because it is the harbor of political justice.

In the United States, as well as in Ireland, there are mightly interests which require tha clergy and people should feel and act as a unit, A united front, therefore, a firm attitude, moderation of tone, and persistency of purpose, must infallibly insure success where what is simed at is just and for the public weal. I cannot help admiring the course pursued in England by Cardinal Manning. See now, in further illustration of this, how

the apostolic zeal and keen practical sense of the good priest of Baltimore railied around men of all creeds and parties. This it was that deeply impressed the agent of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and, through him, won over this true-hearted woman to all their plans. Not a shilling of the money deposited in Skibbereen Bank for the use of the Baltimore fishermen, even when paid back by them, has been withdrawn from the deposit. There it remains to be used by Father Davis for future emergencies, or for extending still further the great industry created rather than revived by his zeal. The extraordinary esteem in which he is held by the English benefactress of his people was made evident last year at the time of the International Fishery Exhibition in London. The Baroness invited the rector of Baltimore to come to London with a select number of his fishermen, she defraying all the expenses of their journey. The good priest was her guest during his stay in London, and was introduced by her to royalty and to the leading members of the English aristocracy. She took a great pride in giving a foremost place to her Irish fishermen, splendid specimens of manhood all of them, intelligent, sober, modest, and appreciating to the fullest the kindness of their protectress.

The representative fishermen from Ireland numbered fifty in all. Father Davis had to take charge of them in London. It was well for them that this was so. Their reverend guide, being himself a professed follower of Father Mathew, had on that account much less difficulty in preventing any man of the fifty from yielding to the ubiquitous temptations to indulgence while in the metropolis. It is on record that their good conduct won general praise. All came in for many extra favors, precisely because they were connected, as Irishmen, with the Baltimore fishermen, and under Father Davis's charge. But Baroness had a special and a very

precisely because they were connected, as in Irishmen, with the Baltimore fishermen, and under Father Davis's charge. But the Baroness had a special and a very natural predilection for her own protegos. They were, by het care, made to see all the aights of Loudon, dustited to Windsor Castle and to the Prince of Wales's residence at Sandringham, where he and the Princess baid a marked attention to Father Davis and his men. The Baroness invited them to Croydon, save them a bountiful lunch, and had a distinguished company to admire these stalwart sons of south Cork, and to listen to the story of their former insery and their present happiness.

The Baroness had a control of the control of t

is the only spot by which any small craft can enter through the barrier of cliff. Until very recently there ran right across this guily a ledge of rock, over which no bassage was possible save at high tide and in moderate weather. Many and many a fatal accident had occurred at the entrance of this parillous inlet. Just as Father Davis came to Baltimore a fishing boat containing a crew of seven—seven heads of families, too—perished with all on board white orderoring to find a refugs here from the storm outside. Wives, children, and neighbors were praying, weeping, or paralyzed with terror as they gazed, from the spot on which we stood, on the brave but bootless hattle with the waves. And so, whenever these poor fisherfolk ventured abroad, the entire hamlet was in mortal agony till they returned.

Father Davis gave himself no rest till he had obtained money from the neighboring landlords. Forthwith he set the fishermen to work to blast the rear which barred the entrance. This done, he directed them to blast and cut away a portion of the vertical wall at the bottom of this guily, so that there should be assanting platform, like a pler, protected senward by the jutting rock. Up this inclined plane the fishermen haul their boats. At high tide or low tide they can now find a refuge in this cleft in the rock. How these good people must worship one who has already been instrumental in saving so many precious lives, and in raising a whole population from indescribable misery to prosperity and independence. The Good Shepherd in the lossel was ever watchful to prevent His charge from wandering from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or bring from the fold, or to seek them out or br

goodness and the priceless services he is rendering?

In his stay, while quite syoung curate, on Cape Clear Island. Father Davis had taken a full measure of what his fleck of brave irlanders needed. They were sadly in want of plers, and harbors of refuge arainst sudden storms, sithough at that time hone of them had boats litted for deep-sea fishing. Providence, containing in aid to his fatherly served to repeat the providence of the his his sound practical judgment, have made useful plers on Cape Clear Island. Here, too, his distinct restedness and conciliatory temper, as well as his sound practical judgment, have made useful and helpful friends of two distinguished Government officers, namely. T. F. Brady. Inspector of Fisheries, and W. Lane-Joynt, Crown Solicitor, who have given Father Davis cordial support and efficient aid, and whose praises he is never weary in sounding. One of his mest important services to Baltimore was the construction of the new pier, which oost \$15,000, and which with the old pier constitutes a safe basin for the dishing craft, as I stated in my last letter. He has also obtained from Government the establishment of a Post Office. Rows of substantial houses are about to be put up by the Earl of Carbery, and a finacious now schoolhouse in the town itself will soon replace the dingy, narrow national school building as presents in use. This is not all, however. Before his time (1879) the necesse had to go on foot to buy bread, meat, and other provisions in Skibbereen, eight miles off. Now there is an excellent bakery set up by the good priest's immediate agency, and several well-furnished stores, a marine store among them. At his entiresty Lady Burdett-Courts has also sent some \$15,000 worth of Shebrmane nets, sali-sali-coth, cordiage, and other gear for her beatmen. Good public conveyances are also run regularly to and from Skibbereen, which the people can easy outlet for a good many little industries unknown here he/ore. Eggs letch a good price in England as well as among the foreign sh

THE CATHOLIC CHUNCH IN SWITZER-LAND.

The Church and the Civil Authorities Get-

From the London Daily News.

The religious animosities which have for so long rankied and occasionally broken out into open violence in the cantons of Eade and Tessan soom now in a fair way of being stined by the convention just entered into between the Foderal Council of Switzeriand and the Church of Rome, as represented by his Hotiness the Pope. Notwithstanding that the error of the reformer Zwingly saw Protestantism firmly established in Eale, Catholicism has proved itself too strong to be crushed out by the newer decirines.

Its evanues however, have for a long period never been recognized, for switzeriand is essentially Protestant at the possent day, and her various Governments have streamously endeavored to exterminate the original Church root and branch. In this, however, they have signally failed, and some months ago when certain Roman Catholic Sof Baic were subjected to persecution at the hands of the inhabitants it became evident to the authorities at Rome that something more than mere written protestations were required. The result was that at something more than mere written protestations were required. The result was that at something more than the Church of Rome will once more become a power in Switzerland.

By the conventioning to be constituted of a chapter of the cathodral at Soleure. This town, the capital of the canton of the same name, is one of the other day with the extended the opical of the cathodral at Soleure. This town, the capital of the canton of the same name, is one of the other days with the exthe eathedral at Soleure. This town, the capital of the canton of the same mame, is one of the oldest on that side of the Alps, with the exception of Traves. It is situated on the banks of the Aars, about twenty-eight miles from Berne. It has been the residence of the Bishops of Bale from time immemorial, and this may probably account for its strong anti-Protestant tendencies, for out of a population of about 8,000 not more ton an eighth of that number represent the reformed faith. The Cathedral of St. Uras was thill between the years 1762-73, and is said to stand upon the site of a sacred oddice that was creeded in the tenth century. The present building is remarkable for two foundains at the entrance one of which is adorned with a statue of Moses

site of a sacred oddice that was erected in the tenth century. The present building is remarkable for two fountains at the entrance, one of which is adorted with a statue of Moses Siriking the reck, and the other by Cadeon wringing the dew from the sheepskin. Solente also boasts of an extraordinary clock tower, said to have been built in the fourth century B.C. It bears the following inscription: "In Celtis nihil est doloders an inputs, unis except is Treviris, quantum egadicts soror." The clock, which is evidently very ancient, has a number of mechanical flavores similar to those in connection with the celebrated Berne clock. The town of Solente joined the Confederation in the year 1481.

As regards the canton of Tessin, that has always been attached to the Roman Catholif Church: for, though politically it is in Switzerland, it is geographically part of Italy. The people are essentially Italian, both in their characteristics and their sympathies. The canton has three capitais, the chief of which is Bellingona. It was for a long time conscienced to be the kes to the route from Lombardy to Germany, and during the M dide Ages it was powerfuly fortified. These forts were subsequently allowed to fair into disuse, but quite recently some of them have been restred. The canton was noted at one time for its numerous monasteries, but these have nearly allowed to the Reformed Church. How futile the effort has been, however, may be judged from the fact that not one per cent, of the whole population is line testant. By the new convention it will be pieced under the spiritual administration of a prelate, who will take the tile of "Administrator Abostolic of the Canton of Tessin." The much vexed question, therefore, which has pieced under the spiritual administration of a prelate, who will take the tile of "Administrator Abostolic of the Canton of Tessin." The much vexed question, therefore, which has been understoned from it. The convention which has been understoned from it. The convention which has been understoned from i